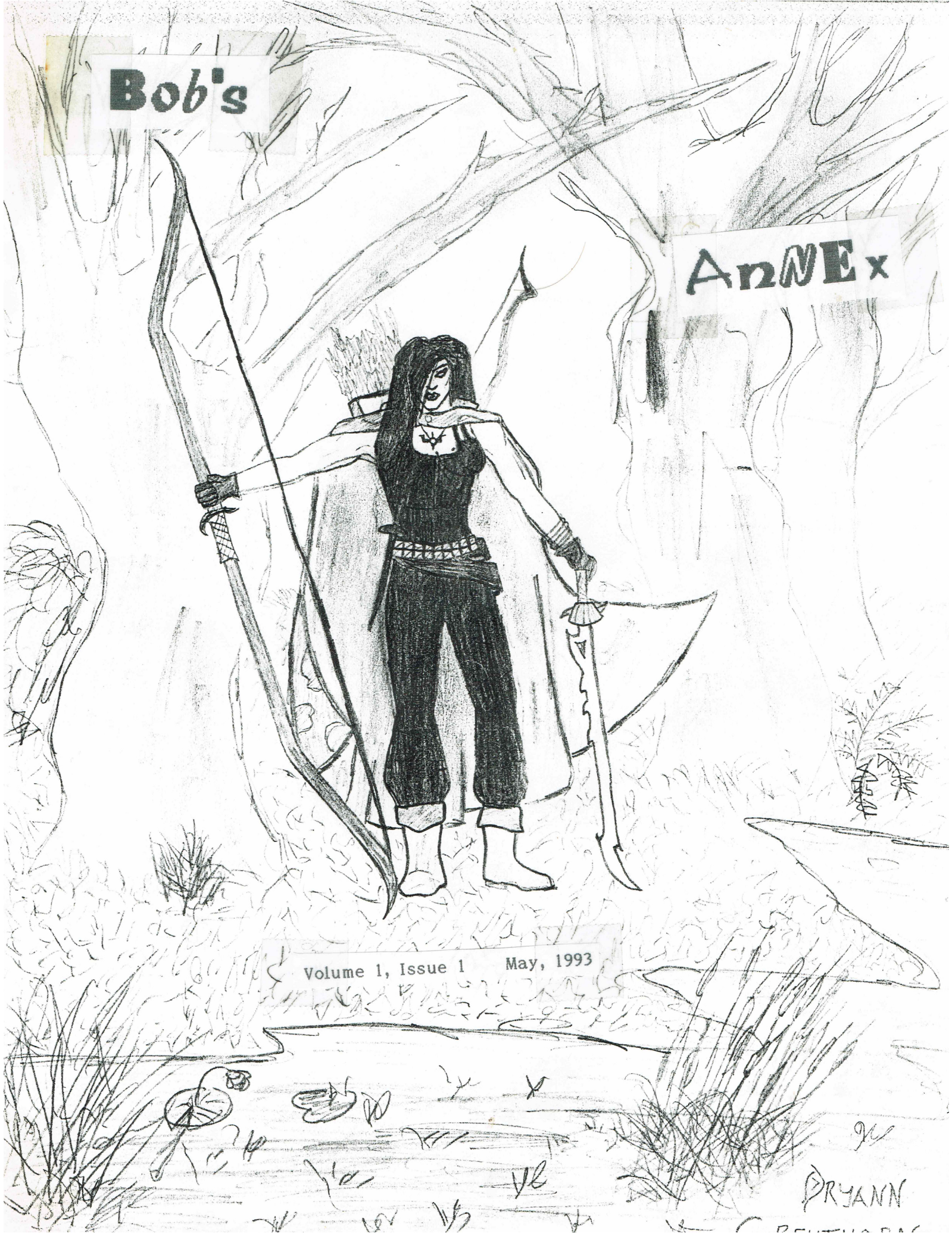


Bob's

AnNE x

Volume 1, Issue 1 May, 1993

DRYANN



Editor's Note:

The most common use of the word Spin-Off relates to TV shows. However, the only one that ever really stuck out in my mind is one called Just The Ten Of Us. It was a TV show that Spun Off of Growing Pains, and it was about the adventures of a Coach Lubbock and his family of six girls, two boys, and a wife. The immediate thing that interested me when I was a youth was the girls. I remember staying up late on Fridays after watching that show with my two brothers and thinking about those girls, and occasionally talking to my siblings about them, saying, "Wouldn't it be great to date the cute one."

I'm no longer a youth. And I now find her unattractive.

As I aged, the term Spin-Off was redefined when I started reading Comic Books. The most complex Spin-Off I can think of was a twelve issue Maxi-Series entitled Crisis On Infinite Earths. The story had about fifty or so Spin-Off stories in all the different DC Comics titles. Still, another impressive Spin-Off series started with issue one of the new Justice League comics. The original series changed names two different times (from Justice League to Justice League International to Justice League America). It had one major Spin-Off, Justice League Europe, and a several other Spin-Off stories (Justice League Quarterly, Justice League Special, Justice League Antarctica, Justice League Spectacular, etc.).

Even though I still collect Comics, I haven't heard of or seen a good Spin-Off in quite a while.

So I thought I'd create one, more or less.

Like most Spin-Off's, there is a very particular purpose for doing so. Bob's Annex is no exception. The story goes like this:

If a certain editorial that appeared in the school paper is any indication, Editing the original Bob was a chore and a half because of one major problem: Censorship. Every issue, without fail, someone would write something that I really liked, and for some reason Mrs. Bridgens would give it the ax. First it was Twisted Deeds. Then it was The Miracle Child. Next up, The Birthday Story. And most recently, Close Encounters With CG Cowboys. It was almost as if she (Mrs. Bridgens) was randomly censoring, because, of the people I talked to, there really wasn't anything wrong with the stories. Slander seemed to be her big problem, but when the thing she calls slander is truthful, how can it be slander? Other problems involved mentioning Sex, drugs, and homosexuality (fortunately, she let us print Rock n' Roll).

In my mind, all three of those last concepts are present everywhere. Mrs. Bridgens said that since Bob's was school funded, we couldn't print those kinds of things. Well, I hate to burst the bubble of those who think that that kind of stuff doesn't happen at our school, but it does. I see it almost every day, and though I may not personally condone drugs or irresponsible sex, it happens.

And because it happens, it will be reflected in the writing and art of CGHS students.

So here's the deal: if you've been rejected from being printed in the original Bob's, your art has a home. Here. In Bob's Annex. In addition to rejected material, I'm also printing Brandon Burkeen's material, as well as S. Eller's poems and Steve Todd's Stories, since they, because of the fact that they don't attend our school, can't be printed in the original Bob's.

That is, basically, the purpose of Bob's Annex, the first Bob Spin-Off.

So, what have we got in this issue? Three poems by S. Eller, two stories by Steven Todd, a story by Brandon Burkeen, and four pieces of art by Brandon as well. In addition to that, we have Chris and Josh's The Birthday Story, and Close Encounters With CG Cowboys.

In addition to that, we're also going to start something that I wasn't allowed to do in the original Bob's. The last piece in the magazine will be an Editor's Choice, a poem or story or something we did not write, but like a lot. The one in this issue is kind of our theme song, you might say.

I'd like to point out that this will more than likely be a one shot magazine (unless a whole lot of people get rejected for the last issue of Bob's). However, we might do a second issue if enthusiasm and "unacceptable" material find its way into my hands. Submit material like you would normally, except avoid giving it to Mrs. Bridgens if at all possible.

Which brings me to my another point of the magazine. Annex's purpose is not to anger anyone. Merely to give a home to rejected artists. It takes a lot of courage to write or draw, and it will make the artists herein feel better that their art will be seen by the public.

But, on top of all of that, there is one thing that we can do in Annex that I've been waiting to do for a long time.

FUCK!

Boy, I feel a lot better now.

Until next time, this is Austin Rich, and I am outta here!

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Bob's Annex

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The Bob's Annex Staff:

Brandon Burkeen

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S. Eller

Timmy, Jeff, and 'The Anonymouse'

And my cohort and co-editor, who didn't help much on this issue

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The Painted Horses

by Steven Todd

"Father," Rainsail asked, "what is fear?"

"Fear my son is an inner thought that makes you believe that you may in some way be harmed."

Then father, is it wrong or right to fear?"

"The painted horses know no fear. They are the free spirited and they cannot know harm. If you become a painted horse you will know no fear and you will be perfect. You know that you must know fear because you are far from perfect my Son. I regret you may never be a man and a painted horse."

That night as the Okinawijan tribe sat huddled near the fire, ever trying to gain warmth, the eldest of the tribe demanded, "Let all of us dance." Immediately the men known as the painted horse warriors jumped vertically from their crossed-leg position into a dancing stance. When the old women of the tribe, sitting near the back of the huddled mass began beating on their ancient rawhide drums these elite warriors began dancing so near the fire that the heat must have been scorching every unshaven bit of hair on their legs. When the painted horse warriors had made three complete circumvents of the fire my son, Rainsail, was the first to jump to his feet and start dancing. He was followed by many more until at last the people of the tribe were nicely warmed by their own excretion and there was a wide, well beaten circle all around the fire that was wide enough for a man to lay with his feet at the fire ring and not be able to catch the spirit of a man with his hands. Not even a painted horse warrior could have done it.

Then the eldest man of the tribe, who was called Pelantico Okinawij (which means eldest of the tribe), stood and instead of giving another story that was not yet heard by the tribe he chose to give the story of the painted horses. The entire tribe yawned in excitement over this well known and most enjoyed story. It went like this:

Long ago when our tribe was not doing as well as we were full of mighty hunters. We went many seasons scavenging camas instead of hunting meat. There simply was no meat. Then while in a deep and hidden valley a group of warriors found a herd of wild and beautiful horses. The men in their desperate desire for meat, shot at the horses to see that these horses were so mighty that their spears and arrows were ineffective against the hide of these horses. What were razor sharp arrow and spear heads simply bounced off the tight skin of the horses. These men went back to their tribe not only with the excitement of seeing such beautiful horses but of the still raging desire for meat enflamed to a dependance on catching some of these horses.

The next day and for many days the horses were not in the valley. The warriors searched all of the area for these horses. In the term of just one night the horses had completely vanished without so much as a hoofprint left to point the way.

Then many days later the horses were spotted again in the same valley. The men found that there were indeed so many horses that stampeding was not an option for them and they barely had room enough to dust off in the sand, let alone run fast.

The warriors charged at the horses and as they came upon one it would hurriedly vault away. They struggled at this for the entire day until at last the horses were bloody with fingernails dug deep into them from the warriors' attempts at securing these animals. As the warriors climbed the steep mountains surrounding the valley they stopped and rested in the sunset and saw the beauty of these painted horses. The blood of these animals had seemed to create designs in the animals sides. The warriors pondered why in an attempt to catch the animals they had drawn blood when an arrow could not pierce the skin. It was as if the animals wanted to be painted with their own blood or were testing the warriors to catch them but not allowing them to do so. The warriors went home and shared all of this with the tribe at the fire.

The next day the warriors were burdened and heavily fatigued. They did not try to catch the horses but simply work at other things and wonder how to.

They prepared a root sap that would perhaps help the horses magically stick to them and they took it to the valley of the horses. After putting the adhesive on their hands the first wave of warriors caught hold of not the sides but the mane and withers of the horses. The horses began to

Brandon
Burke



move out of the valley with the warriors running along side of them. The horses did not seem to mind the warriors and the warriors were soon disappearing among the horses.

The warriors went back and told all the tribe about how the elite of first wave warriors had become one with the painted horses. That is why to this day all of our elite have become known as painted horse warriors.

The next day the remaining warriors went out and followed the tracks that were left this time. Not far out of the valley they encountered wolves who brought them bits of tender meat just large enough to be held in one hand. Soon again they were brought similar bits of meat.

They brought back several of these bits and they fed the tribe after the white powdery sand was washed clean.

If it was not for the painted horse warriors who talked the painted horses into giving meat the tribe never would have survived. Even though the tribe found a substantial herd of bison soon after, the near emaciated tribe would have died out had it not been for that meat.

“Father, why do you think that the eldest of the tribe told us this story once again? Has not everybody heard it at least five times?”

“Can you not see, Rainsail? Our tribe is facing extinction once again. Our fires used to be much larger. We are running out of food and things to hunt once again.”

“Father, I will become a painted horse warrior. I will convince the painted horses of the spirit realm to give us food. I will. I promise.”

“The painted horses are back, the real painted horses are back!!!” a man cried out throughout the village. My son ran to see what the man was so hysterically fumbling over. As he returned to me he slowed and began to talk in a calm voice.

“The warriors will get a chance to run with the painted horses once again. We will no longer be short on food.” My son lumbered around for days while the warriors tried to decide whether or not to attempt running with the wild horses.

When they decided nay my son was determined to see someone run with the wild horses. He came to me one day and asked me in an inquisitive manner.

“Father do you know what we will do if no warrior runs with the painted horses? Will the eldest of the tribe ask for a voluteer or volunteers from the tribe to run so that person could convince the painted horses to give us meat in abundance?”

“My son, somone must run with the painted horses. The tribe will soon be out of food and it seems that there is nowhere to go and find some that is not already barren. Would you, my son, honour me by going and saving the tribe?”

“I would father, and I will.”

The next week my son prepared himself a pair of fur-lined moccasins, a running breech, and a vat of sap that he would use to hang on to the mane. Six days after he said he would my son set out to run with the painted horses. He left early in the morning and soon came into a valley not that much unlike the valley told of in the eldest of the tribe’s story.

“Okay, run. Just a little further. It looks like they are slowing. Ooh I will make my father so proud. “Huff Puff. “Okay look at that one who seems to be slower than the rest. He is probably the one who is supposed to let me catch him. Perhaps I will get to meet the original warriors who became painted horses. Naah, they are surely dead by now. Omigosh. They are all around me. The slow one now seems to be exactly in the middle yet the others seem to be going faster and still keep him there. I have almost overtaken him. Ah ha, got him.”

Rainsail’s hand was then entangled into the mane of the central horse. He lost his footing and was dragged ever onward. He was not running with the painted horses he was being dragged!

I went back to the fire that night and made myself drunk with joy and spirits, not with alcohol. I was not sure whether or not to be happy that my son was probably now happy as a painted horse or sad that I will probably never see him again.

That night as the fire became lessened into embers a wolf approached the outside of the tribe sitting at the fire. I lie there paralyzed with fear. No one else had seen him yet and he was able to come about five feet of me; where he dropped something and scurried off into the shadows.

I crawled over to get the object dropped and discovered that it was a still moist piece of flesh. I jumped up and began shrieking in joy that our son had succeeded and the painted horses had given us meat.

I was allowed to eat the meat and was up well into the night celebrating around the revived fire. The wolf just sat, still hiding in the shadows.

That night when I finally made it to my bed to sleep the wolf came in without the least bit of fear, it seemed. I could see that he was carrying something. When I lifted my torch to see what it was I was horrified to see the caved-in head of my son. I knew then that there would be no meat save my son and I had already eaten a portion of that. I stood there long into the day horrified and still staring where the wolf was.

I died later that day. With me died the knowledge of what truly happened to all of the warriors who had become painted horses.

|-----|

I am the moon

By S. Eller

The moon I see is like a dream
First it is in full view
then it disappears it seems
Does it seem the same to you?

Doubt by S. Eller

I have a dream that one day
we will be together
It is not said in what I say
But how I express as a writer

I go to sleep at night wondering
about the God that may or may not be
How can I place all my faith
in something I cannot see?

Do you see that in my mind
You are the greatest on the earth
I'm there for you when you seem
blind
I lay your picture on my hearth

I used to say this to myself
as I fall to sleep at night
I used to have but no solution
to my world caused fright

The moon has stages
as do I, where love
for you emerges
and at times seems gone

Then I found the lord
hiding deep inside my heart
I guess he was there all along
in my heart and every part

The love for you is prevalent
yet not always in plain sight
your return is heaven lent
like a soft summer light

I grew up with him in me
but I didn't realize that
He's been there since people believed
that the world was flat

The lord, he cares for you
in your life among men
I believe he'll continue
until we live again

Good night sweet water by S. Eller

Goodnight! Goodnight!
The moon, sweet, hovers high
as I now bid you goodnight
please hear my silent cry

I do not wish to leave you
not ever, dearly no not now
I feel I hardly know you
yet feel for you some how

It seems that we have just met
on one of life's pathways
a lover and a new woman met
like certain clouds on raining days

The clouds knew each other well
They're nearly the same thing
we're drops of water in a well
or perhaps a mountain spring.



The Catacombs

by Brandon Burkeen

The squat hunchback leading the way before me held my interest even more than the limestone labyrinth I now found myself in.

As we turned another of the seemingly limitless corners off the catacombs, Martin the hunchback began to explain to me, in Latin, the history of the tombs.

He told of how, during the Inquisition, the corpses of the Inquisitors' victims were entombed in the stone crypts to either side of me. And he told of how the church had run out of tombs in which to place the people they had killed. Instead they had taken to throwing the bodies down the numerous pits scattered throughout the burial chambers.

As Martin droned on through the histories I was already familiar with, my mind drifted back to the summons I had received from my old friend Edward, the priest in charge of this cathedral.

The letter had told of the "Difficulties" the church had been having with a certain ghost. The ghost of a cleric fallen from grace and executed as a witch during the Inquisition. The letter had asked for my help.

When I received the summons, I was in one of the northern provinces of Scotland. The residents of the province had summoned me for the same intention as the church. I was to perform an exorcism. You see, I, Augustus Shaunessy, was born with the ability to drive out spirits, and not a single town or hamlet in all of Europe had not heard of me.

After I expelled the evil spirit troubling the peasants, I collected my pay and boarded the next ship sailing to the mainland of Europe. When I arrived at the cathedral, Edward hustled me inside. He then explained to me that the church did not wish the peasants to see me arriving because they would find out about the spirit and lose faith in the church. That seemed reasonable.

That night, Edward came to me in the chambers that were my quarters while I stayed and told me the legends of the ghost. He told me that the next morning I would go into the tombs to the crypt of the cleric and exorcise his malignant soul. He also informed me that my guide would be the hunchback Martin. The reason for this was that Martin was the only person who knew the twisting labyrinth well.

I informed Edward of the equipment I would need for this undertaking and he prepared to leave. Just before he exited however, he said something that struck me as strange.

His eyes narrowed and he clasped his hands, as he came closer to me, looking around suspiciously he said, "Brother Christus, you know not what had happened since last you visited us. I fear that many of our former brothers have fallen from the Lord's favor and have begun finding their solace in the Dark One. Watch the words you find from the others for falsehood. Europe is no longer the God-fearing place you once knew. It is infested with heretics and worse, while the church strives to stay righteous. Be careful."

With that, my friend left, closing the door behind him and I went to bed.

The next morning, I woke to find all of the equipment I had requested in the leather knapsack by the door. A few minutes later, the hunchback came to fetch me.

The two of us went down into the lower reaches of the cathedral until we reached the entrance to the catacombs. We lit our torches and entered. This was how I came to be where I now found myself, deep within the bowels of some dank burial ground.

It seemed as if we had been going around in circles for hours, but when I questioned the hunchback about it, he simply grunted back at me.

About the fifth time I asked him, Martin stopped short in front of an ornately carved door depicting a scene of a scene of the virgin Mary transforming into a hideous beast.

"This is it my lord," he said, "this is the ghost's home, you could say."

As I opened the tomb door the smell of incense and death filled my nostrils. The dim light of the six in the room told be all that I needed to know.

On the floor, etched in blood was the sign of the pentagram; and at each point was a kneeling cleric, painted face cast downward. And at the head of these heathens was Edward, the man who betrayed me.

He rose, and Martin the vile hunchback out off my escape through the door, club in hand.

Seeing the hatred on my face, Edward laughed and said, “Is that anger, my pious friend? The Dark Lord appreciates hate above all else. Alas, you already know that, being a man of the cloth yourself. But I grow long winded; the real reason for your being here is what I should really tell you.”

The four devil-worshippers rose at this and stood beside their leader.

“Our Lord, the Dark One sent us signs telling us of your treatment of his followers. He said to rid him of you. Ah, but you will make a lovely offering.”

These last words he said gesturing to the black altar across the room, and my blood froze as his henchmen moved towards me, daggers in hand. Martin grabbed my arms from behind as they fell upon me and the last words from my throat were an oath cursing their souls to eternal torment.

|-----|

Close Encounters with the C.G. Cowboys!!!!

I was standing in the hallways yesterday, minding my own business, when I heard behind me, “Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink!”

As I turned around, I saw-

Ten-gallon hats,

Twenty-Gallon belt buckles,

Black leather jackets,

Tight-fitting blue-jeans,

Corny-looking cowboy boots with silver spurs,

walking towards me. I watched as the entire clan of people walked by. I stared as they walked away, the sound of their boots and spurs grew quieter and quieter, “Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink!

Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink! Klunk-chink!”

It was then that I realized that I had just had a...

Close Encounters with the C.G. Cowboys!!!!

Later on, after lunch, as I was returning to school, I heard some really tacky country music. Even while being two blocks away, I could hear some lyrics like, “*My wife just left me and took off on my best horse, so I’m going to get stone drunk and barf my insides out!*”

As I reached the parking lot, I saw-

Ten-gallon hats,

Twenty-Gallon belt buckles,

Black leather jackets,

Tight-fitting blue-jeans,

Corny-looking cowboy boots with silver shiny spurs,

everywhere. Some cowboys were sitting in their lawn chairs and drinking Pepsin from their coolers. Others were standing around talking, not pronouncing their 'S's because of the great amounts of chew dribbling down their chins. Still others were lassoing people walking by.

None of them seemed to hear the 2,000,000 decibel country music coming from their shiny-new-never-been-off-road-because-they're-afraid-of-scratching-their-paint-job-red-pickup truck.

I walked by, and by the time I reached the other side of the school, where I could think, I realized I had just had another

Close Encounters with the C.G. Cowboys!!!!

Throughout the year, I have had other encounters with the cowboys, always with the-

Ten-gallon hats,

Twenty-Gallon belt buckles,

Black leather jackets,

Tight-fitting blue-jeans,

Corny-looking cowboy boots with shiny, whirring, silver spurs,

present. A couple of days ago, I looked around the hallways, and I realized that the school was being overrun by cowboys. I decided I had to do something about it.

This is the end product. I wrote this to show everyone the serious situation our school is in. If we are all aware of this, maybe we can do something to put a stop to the virus, "Cowboyism."

Still, I believe there will always be at least one or two people with,

Ten-gallon hats,

Twenty-Gallon belt buckles,

Black leather jackets,

Tight-fitting blue-jeans,

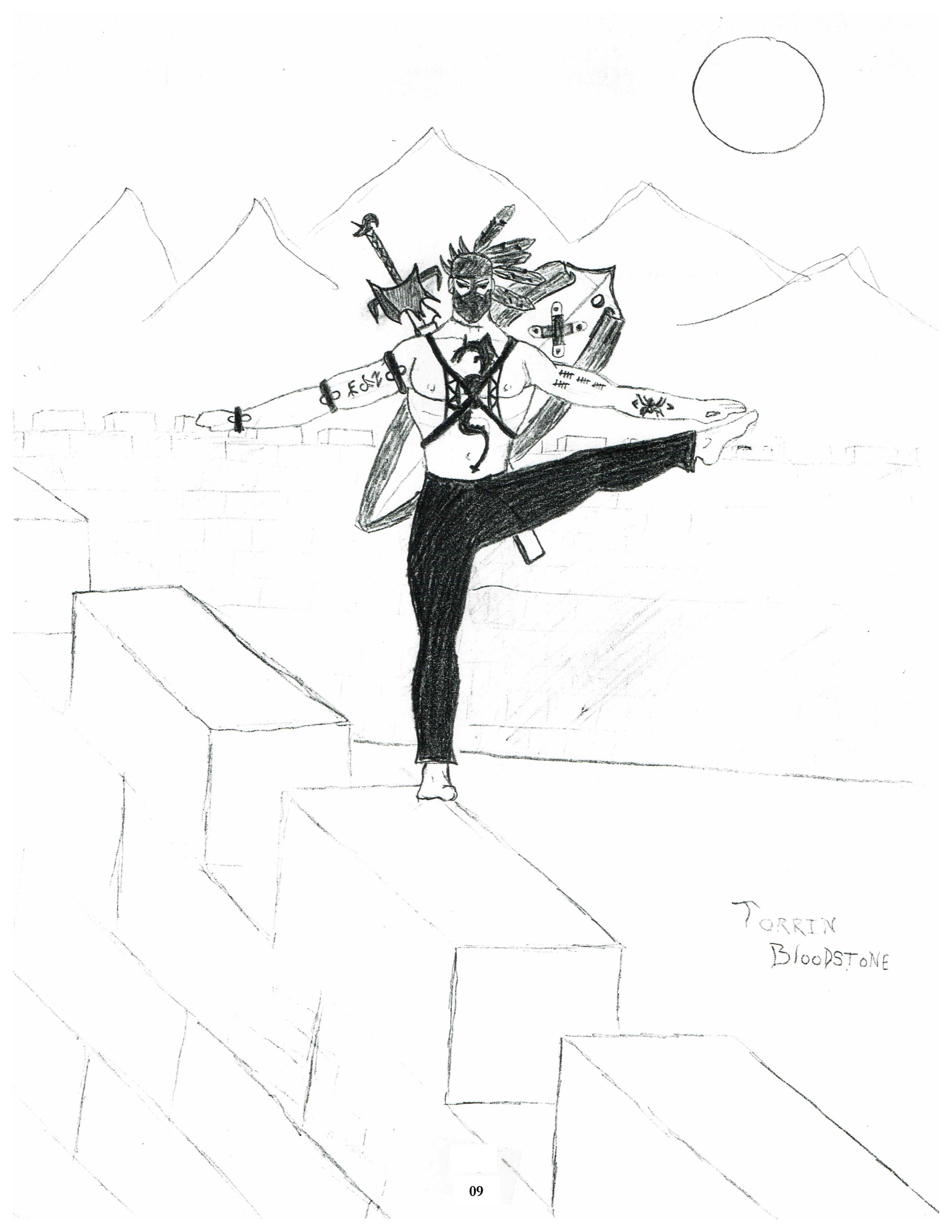
Corny-looking cowboy boots with chinking, shiny, whirring, silver spurs,

and there will always be

Close Encounters with the C.G. Cowboys!!!!

By

'The Anonymouse'



TORRIN
BLOODSTONE

The Birthday Story

by Chris “Timmy” DeLay & Josh “Jeff” Minter

The story you are about to read is real. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

It was your ordinary day for your ordinary person in his ordinary house. He had the dull job, plain blond girlfriend, normal activities, and was, in all other aspects, ordinary. The only special thing that set today apart from any of the other three hundred and sixty four days was that today was Timmy’s birthday. He awoke from a rather pleasant dream to his brothers singing “Happy Birthday”.

The pillow flying across the room hit its mark. The singing stopped, and once again quiet and darkness filled the room. Timmy started to drift off into sleep.

While still in a dreamstate, the phone rang. After about a minute, his mother came and told Timmy that it was the coach of the basketball team, and that he had said he needed to be at the game. Timmy did not remember there being a game scheduled that day, but he quickly assumed their must have been.

Instantly, Timmy dreaded the game. It was his birthday, and by God, he was going to lounge around the house and be waited on hand and foot by his family. The only thing on his mind besides the oncoming presents was his girlfriend. She was coming down for her weekly visit, and he was anxiously awaiting her arrival.

Timmy finished waking himself up by a rousing dose of Guns-N-Roses. After he was fully awake, he trudged off to the bathroom to complete his morning duties (shower, shave, put his contacts in, etc.). He waltzed into the kitchen, ordered a big bowl of corn flakes, and sat down to eat. After eating the cornflakes, he went down to the Community Center.

Before he made it to the Center, however, he stopped by his work place. His coworkers had gotten him a card and a present, and he wanted to see what it was.

With it he received a Bon Jovi CD, and he was happy. But all his thoughts were of Lisa.

As he arrived at the Center, he saw a camera crew outside. A moment later, he realized why they were here. A convicted Senator was serving the community service hours he was sentenced to... at Timmy’s Community Center.

Just what he needed. This kind of PR would make the Center look like a slum where any felon who committed a crime could come and serve out his sentence. Timmy thought of the commercial they would soon make.

“Are you a convicted felon, sentenced to community service? Just come on down to the Greater Cottage Grove Community Center. We happen to have a few slots still open for convicted molesters and murderers. Hurry on down!”

He walked in like he owned the place, like he usually did, with an air of flamboyance surrounding him. He was arrogant, because he knew that the Center would be crippled without him, and everyone else knew this also. He ordered the pool balls and his cue stick from the back room, while the cameras were rolling. “If John thinks he’s just gonna sit around and give lectures on politics all day, he’s in for a big surprise!” Timmy thought.

When the items he “requested” were not delivered to him in the instant that he expected it, he went in after them, in clear violation of rules he himself had written. He just wanted to embarrass then-Senator John Jolin and Center Director Fred Weeldryer on camera.

Timmy didn’t like Fred much. He was your run-of-the-mill moron, who tried to run the Community Center without any knowledge of what teenagers wanted or needed. He tried to have Christian values almost force fed into the kids there, and Timmy worked long and hard to stop him. Fred didn’t like Timmy much after this, and often tried to find flaws with Timmy’s work, regardless of what it was he did. He knew this, and was very careful to not make mistakes, which would practically give Fred the rope he needed to hang Timmy.

“So much for that interview,” Timmy said, snickering. He looked back and saw Fred fuming. Timmy busted into laughter.

Timmy shot around a bit, and soon grew tired of playing pool. As he was putting his cue stick back, to the protests of Fred, the phone rang. Timmy instinctively reached for the phone and answered it. It was Mary. The short red-head had called to tell him that her and Lisa were waiting at the Vintage Inn, a local restaurant where teens hung out, drank coffee, and socialized, and for him and Mary’s boyfriend, Matt, to come there. They promptly left, with Matt on his bike and Timmy jogging at a near sprint pace all the way there.

Meanwhile, Jeff, one of Timmy's friends, was at work. He was supposed to meet them all at the Center.

As Timmy entered the Vintage Inn, he could hear his girlfriend loudly expressing her hatred for coffee. She was a feisty little one, Timmy's perfect match, or so he thought. Mary was nice, too nice for her own good from time to time. She had been the one who got Timmy and Lisa together in the first place, and always seemed to be on the lookout for him.

Timmy sat down to his coffee, and instantly started fending off Matt's little personal jabs. Timmy had learned, with time, that even though Matt was a little rough around the edges, his way of getting along with people was to joke with, and sometimes at, them. They (Mary, Matt, Lisa, and Timmy) drank coffee and discussed many things over the period of an hour, when they were asked to leave by the management. Matt went home, while Timmy accompanied the two ladies home. He could sense something was wrong, though. When Lisa complained she was freezing, Timmy tried to give her his letterman jacket, but she refused and wore Mary's coat. When Lisa was too tired to stand, she wouldn't take Timmy's hand so he could help her up. Timmy was getting worried.

At about this time, Jeff was leaving work. He went home and changed so he could meet Timmy and Lisa. Jeff arrived at the Community Center at about 4:30. He was greeted by Fred Weeldryer, the main prick of the establishment.

"Where have you been?" said Fred.

"What do you mean 'where have I been?' " replied Jeff.

"You were signed up to work from noon to five."

"Well I didn't sign myself up. I had to work."

Jeff asked around and found out that Timmy had gone to the Vintage Inn with Matt. Jeff had ran to the Community Center and did not like the idea of walking all the way to the Vintage, so instead he left a message for Timmy telling him to call Jeff at home.

Timmy departed after leaving the girls safely at Mary's front door, and headed off for the Community Center. When he arrived there, he saw Wayne Queen and James Tree there. Timmy again thanked Wayne for the CD, and went inside for awhile. Timmy joked around a lot, shot pool, played games, and generally tried to forget what had just happened at the Vintage Inn. He was doing a very good job, too, until just before he left. As he headed towards the door, Wayne and James grabbed Timmy, and hauled him off into the other room. They laid him over a couch, and started spanking. Around sixteen hits later, James asked a question: "How old is he?"

Wayne looked at James, got a devilish look in his eye, and they both responded by hitting Timmy as hard as they could, and yelled, "Seventeen!!"

Minutes later, Wayne drove Timmy home, aching buns and all, so he could pick up a cassette and drop off his CD. Then it was back to the Community Center.

When he arrived, he knew something was wrong. He was greeted at the door by one of his friends tugging at his arm, telling him to follow him. He did, and was abruptly stopped by Mary, who said something unintelligible, and took the confused Timmy off to a nearby corner, to tell him the bad news:

"Lisa just wants to be friends."

The kiss of death. Timmy was shocked beyond belief, and he stumbled home. He opened up the back door, walked in, sagged on the couch, and pretended to be cheerful. After he had gone through the normal routines of one's birthday party, he walked into the kitchen, opened the liquor "cabinet", grabbed the whisky, and proceeded to drink two mouthfuls of the vile liquid.

"Joe, your son just drank about three shots of Jack Daniels!" came the cry from Timmy's overbearing mother.

"So..." was the only reply that came from the general area of Timmy's father.

Meanwhile Jeff sat at home wondering why Timmy had never called, by the next day he wanted some answers.

Timmy felt the warm liquid pass into his stomach, and he settled down into the hot bath that he had draw, prior to the opening of his presents. He sat there until he "pruned" up, and then set off to bed, hoping to forget this terrible day.

The Colour of An Old Man

by Steven Todd

I awoke in my easy chair and I began to think about things in the real world. I looked at the far-away mirror and once again I vowed not to become depressed over what I saw. Regardless of my wrinkled face and my semblance to an old and quite dried peach I would not be sad. And as I concentrated on my non-sadness my thoughts began to drift...

My thoughts were filled with the imaginary playmates I had as a child. I remember most the plardlenot whose name was Pismo. He was my best friend. My thoughts went to happy ones as I fondly remember Sally saying, "50, your best friends with a large imaginary glob of Thousand-Island dressing?"

I don't know what time I woke up. but when I looked in my ancient and evil mirror the colour reminded me not of Pismo but of his friend, with a longer name-Raddlepee.

I would run and play in the field with Raddlepee and Pismo and when I was tired we would lie in the field and stare at the invisible pastel rainbow that was there only in the sunshine and in the opinion of my long-dead parents, only in my dreams.

I again awoke sitting in my easy chair and without hesitation I looked into the mirror. I saw my parents' faces in mine as they were when they were on their deathbeds. The colour of their faces were just coming to the colour mine is now.

Then I was startled by my grandson.

"Grandpa, I knocked a hundred friggin' times."

"Sorry," I said, "I was thinking hard."

"You're just stupid, that's all; you old fart. You're lying," he said as he stormed out of my house.

My chest started hurting. I couldn't breath. I gasped. "Help!" I cried, but nobody heard me. Tears came to my eyes. The pain.

"God damned heartburn. I forgot the antacid when I... wait, I didn't take my Glycerin, again."

I forgave my grandson long ago and I wish I could take away the guilt that he must feel knowing he brought about my timeful death. And now, as he grows into the same colour that I was, he just begins to forget that guilt.

Then one day while I was running in the field with Pismo, Raddlepee and their friends the Guana twins my grandson came into the giant field in heaven. I introduced him to my friends and later that day as we lied in the field and stared at the changing colours of the pastel rainbow the only thought that came to my mind was my favourite colour. I never learned its name so I think I'll call it Porsey.

happiness in slavery

by trent reznor

slave screams

he thinks he knows what he wants

slave screams

thinks he has something to say

slave screams

he hears but doesn't want to listen

slave screams

he's being beat into submission

don't open your eyes you won't like what you see

the devils of truth steal the souls of the free

don't open your eyes take it from me

i have found

you can find

happiness in slavery

slave screams

he spends his life learning conformity

slave screams

he claims he has his own identity

slave screams

he's going to cause the system to fall

slave screams

but he's glad to be chained to that wall

don't open your eyes you won't like what you see

the blind have been blessed with security

don't open your eyes take it from me

i have found

you can find

happiness in slavery

i don't know what i am

i don't know where i've been

human junk just words and so much skin

stick my hands thru the cage of this endless routine

just some flesh caught in this big broken machine